

1920

76 a

Monks House.

Sunday April 29th

Dear Sir,

The letting of the rooms seems to be accomplished. Old Wappington arrived in the Res with your letter & will have the rooms ready on Monday. A hard American voice roused me at 8 ~~am~~ in the morning with a torrent of enquiries. (I put this in to show how much I have done for you; & thus what a claim I have to your kindness)

We are down here for the weekend. It is suddenly full summer; everything is out; the garden blazing with lilac, apple, pear blossom & every flower you can imagine; & the country is far far far away better than Cassis. Really, the downs are astonishing at this moment. (Here) cut out a long shapely, just as I intended a very brilliant & profound account of Charles, because of Duncan's wiper tongue) But in 5 years we shall be driven out - there no doubt yet. I went for a walk to the river this evening & found a race course on the flats by the hall, with stables & a stand run up in cheap wood. It seems inconceivable, but the man who has bought Jonthear farm is starting a horse race course, & they're said to going to make a ~~line~~ side line from the hall to Jonthear. And they say they're going to build 30 cottages at

I was rung up by Marguerite S. in a great state of emotion. "May Boris & I come & see you at once?" she asked. I, understanding by this that she had eloped with Genep & wished for my blessing agreed enthusiastically. But she turned up with Doris - Indeed Doris: a worthy & highly intelligent woman; but not what I wanted. Then we had a most curious wizened monkey like woman, Nella Bengen, to dine. As you are now a library subscriber, perhaps you can tell me about her books. She was second for my prize; & she took it very seriously; but I had to admit that I had never been so interested at in my life as in getting it. Why does almost every bookish intelligent stop short beneath the chin? One finds somebody intelligent, amusing, educated, & then Hey Presto (as you would say) they take the Femina prize for the voice of God, & become no better than an urban lodging house keeper scullerymaid. But she has been over in Manchuria free from duty to ride in ten minutes, & is of two minds whether to leave her husband or not. I think I have secured an interesting piece of gossip for you - but which I will tell you when you come back. You must be back on the 30th. I am rather dry. Angelica has become essential to me. An awful kind of spurious maternal feeling is her taken possession of me - which reminds me, don't let Julian become too like his father in twitching persisting unpleasantness - he takes his women a little too much to heart; as Clive does his decision at the hands of the great Stephen family. What a man of vanity that man is! (now don't leave this lying about) I'm seriously rather concerned about his future; when you're not there especially. He is so quaking & perfunctory, &

& yet to have him with young women, as he insists, is almost intolerable: to Leonard indeed quite so. I rather hope he - Raymond will knock about Europe for a time. Could one tell him not to talk so much about himself? That's what gets him laughed at - this perpetual description of his own ecstasies & agonies: after all the bedding or not bedding becomes a little dull; when one's out of it: as I am; & Viki is; & Dotie is; & various other people.

I don't advise you to motor back the way we came, unless it's hot. Leonard caught a violent cold & I went completely deaf in one ear. The ground is strewn with nails. When I was deaf I thought only Angelica would be kind to me. I shall retire & trouble my friends no more. Happily Elly came & by blowing trumpet like through a tube shook out a herd of wayward.

Suddenly I heard the gas ^{from} ~~from~~ wearing a war cloud. Apparently I did it with my ear stoppers.

Angus is seeing Agnes today, & I think they must mean to offer him something. The Press has received astonishingly with Cartwright only; Leonard joins a good half hour every morning. Tom on Monday Kennedy comes; Belcher has not been part, but is apt to be flustered & to need looking after at her accounts. I know you like these details of the Parliament world.

Are you going to Germany? I hope not.

I'm jealous of Roger being with you. I must do to the London show; but wild fancies & fables shall not make me commit my views to writing - with Duncan's flickering adverb tongue a-playing round my Verbiage. Nevertheless, kiss that adorable man from me.

I still wonder how we should have done married. B

The finger has been savaged in Judd Street for 17/6, which includes
cleaning. But I don't know how much one will use it — We
went to St Albans last Sunday — & I think of going to Cambridge
for the day —
52 Tavistock Square

Thank you for the
for lunch. 103a

May 9th

Dearest,

1900
This is a proof of affection how much I answer
your letter. Indeed I am getting very wretched —
dry without you. We are overcome with
your horrors — Gordon left. I mean — My
practical suggestion is that you should take
Queen's house which is nice, cheap, & can be let
without difficulty. The seems suited to you —
live in Grantchester. Has nothing yet been
done about your money? — with considerable

Will I continue to get Mrs Goldsmith, Wick
Wood & Mrs. Liffington, together, & Wick Wood is
now in residence. I've just rung up to ask
how many rooms they're using, but no answer;
so I will wait to her — she's American too —
always out — & let you know.

London where I'm with Jossip — Ottoline

(no doubt you've heard) has almost died. She has necrosis of the jaw, had two operations: - apicectomy & pain, & taken out without gas; & is still very ill - also much disfigured. I saw Philip who was distracted - pessimistic - in fact hinted at cancer. But they say she will recover. Then there's Eddie back & as prickly as a hedgehog. Old Lady Sackville is bringing a case against his father, which will mean that all their characters will be blackened in the law courts. Already she has scattered it broadcast that Harold's a bugger, & Vita a nymphomaniac. But about Eddy considerably; but he was rather nice, queer, a bit, prickly; & immensely wrong for himself.

Rogers back. We had a Newn Bloomsbury evening with Molly & Desmond at Rogers; with Molly entirely sunk into a lump of white jelly. I have never seen her so gloomy. After an argument lasting 2 hours, she said she hadn't heard a word the whole evening - Lord, Lord! And I was given my prize by Hugh Walpole in a double keyring in drawing room full of elderly fur bearing women, among whom the loveliest - brightest was Ethel Wilkie. I was made

to thank. which I did with dead & melancholy composure.
 I told them my great grandmother was a Frenchwoman -
 then I was given a very strong smelling purse with
 a cheque for £40 - but I think it aint worth it.
 I still scratch a good deal at nights to get rid of the
 fat. Of course George writes to congratulate me; &
 says he met Sir Somebody at dinner, who had
 heard of me - or the prize; but he has had all his
 teeth cut - so has Gerald - & he & Margaret are
 feeling very stiff in the back. Florence B.
 may amuse you. I maintain that I live wholly at
 Rodmell.

I suppose you've heard that Angus has not got Agnes's
 job. & I father that he's not going to Paris - He
 seems very cheerful, & smart; & the Press is
 50 years younger without him. Kennedy says he is
 going to put up a shelf, as he knows a man who
 sells wood wholesale, & he is very fond of
 putting up shelves. He is a nice, simple-minded
 boy, delighted to escape home life. I father. But
 as Leonard & I were saying, Julian seems a different
 order of creature altogether. These young people

1036^v

I've just been to tea with Mrs Jenkins - might have come off
Chocolate boxes. What happens when they take to life. I
can't conceive. Or are Julian & Quentin prodigies of
brain & character? Julian has written a very good
review of French history for Leonard, in about 2
days. And I had a really brilliant letter from Quentin,
in which he says, "I am I believe one of nature's
puritans, which is surprising considering my
beloved parents isn't it?" Fancy our waiting
like that about father to the Quaker!

As for Elsie, I feel rather embarrassed. He'll be
back on Sunday, or thereabouts, I am sure, he
wrote sort of explanation ^{NYPL} that I accuse him of
reading my letters? He wrote to me again,
saying that he has an inferiority complex which
leads him to fly into passions with me: but
he is now radiantly happy, thanks to you &
Wanda & Angelica, & wishes never to leave
Cassia. What do you advise me to do?
Mary seemed very wistful, yet fixed, on the
telephone, waiting for news of Cassia; yet
wishing to dine with us. I saw Lytton,
by the way, who thinks the Misses Bloomington

Considerably, but - settling down - how he knows not. He has told Elizabeth but said for \$6,000 to an American newspaper, & was just off, mysteriously, to Provence. No doubt he will tell you like the rest of us. I entirely sympathize with your brilliant & caustic remarks about Raymond - to have a week of being made to feel like a sack cloth & ash, wear wool next the skin, but hear in my boots - any thing anything to be out of fashion, out of date, obsolete. I had an amusing account from Eddy of the final rupture with Valery which took place at Long Barn, just before he started. They reached a point where they couldn't speak to each other, so Vala was sent from room to room with notes, each sobbing loudly the whole time. It is now completely over. Eddy says: 2 both are much relieved. But the real weakness of

Lauris as a place of residence is not the landscape nor the Crothers: it is the liability to Raymond - & the Wobes I would say, if I were modest. To be

103c ✓

Exposed without any protection to Barbara & Raymond seems
to me an insult only to be visited on the damned.
But I think you are damned. Miss Barbara,
condemned by you to have three children &
decorate her home; & now — all thanks to you & Duncan —
the poor woman has moved into a caravan, where she
lets all day on the ladder, shelling peas. I sometimes
think this is in the Bloomsbury manner.
She has just sent me a message through Jayson
that she thinks me a pig: perhaps she has heard
what I think of her. And a pig's nothing to that.

Now this is a fine collection of gossip —
deserves a return. Then I'll tell you, perhaps, what I
think of your pictures. ^{NYPL} We had a private view of
Roger's latest — but is it true he has at ~~last~~ fallen into
Derba's & is going up painting altogether? Give says so.
Karen's back: all askew; & thinks she will
live half in America in future. They have given
Alice £5 & hope to have settled ^{the bill} it. The dog is at this
moment on our stairs — very dirty, but kind hearted.

A thousand thanks for the photographs — which
haven't yet come, but which I expect to be perfect. O dear
I wish you were here, I could talk to you, instead of
going to Armida in the gallery — Nobody is like you —
I dry into middle aged ~~des~~ classicating without you.
(you'll never understand that word)

Hamlet 2/10/68

1928

105 a

52 Taverlock Sq.

Saturday May 12th

Dearest,

You will be sickening at the sight of the Wolves purple ink —
I have at last caught Mr Goldsmith who says that
two rooms ~~are~~ ^{now} will be empty after Friday &
you could send Angelica there at any time. She has
got a flat & could leave after the 18th I rather if
you like. She seems only anxious to fulfil your slightest
wish. Would it be any use your communicating
with Morgan who is staying with Mauron at
Mas Blanc ^{Tarascon} (but you will know the address) & comes
back I think at the end of May. He might be able
to recruit Angelica. It seems absurd that you ^{should} have to make
two journeys. Perhaps Ayer has written to you. He
talked vaguely of job at Newcastle — temporary —
Raymond has just rung up to say that his time at
Carris was divine, in spite of the weather: whereas
Dolphin says that ^{the} Lent men had hard it rains so
long as Raymond aint there — such is the diversity
of human opinion in this world.
The photographs are most lovely. Maunot

Thank you sufficiently for the pains you have been at. Thank with a little
 re-arrangement one or two might do: a tuple young. That's all, but
 I'm showing them to Vita, who doesn't want to be accused of
 taking the under eye. My god — I think take the replica one of

here day: she is the father of Jolundity, of all your brood: a
 per se. Do you remember the poem that comes from, & how is
 the old day in the dawn of Bloomberg, Lanyon used to say it?

I've been in very odd society — partly owing to the Prize giving,
 which was of a horror indescribable; & after it out crept from
 various corner old derelicts like Elizabeth Robins. — E. Robins

Beatrice Harraden, & a woman called Trupman.
 fascinated me by describing the extreme beauty combined with
 viciousness of mother. She looked like a saint & then said
 something so witty one was shocked. The combined
 complete sanctity with complete woman of the world worldliness; &
 was extremely reserved. She used to come to Mrs. Robins'

flat in Baywater on her ^{carrying yellow in pots} ~~summer~~ evenings. This then, in order to
 let her to wait her men. I had to go to tea yesterday with
 Lady Horner. That also was fascinating, though a little hard

work. She is grown very old, but has all the air of a
 great beauty, & got jumping about Bame Jones, who was
 obviously her lover; but the Mackails wouldn't let it
 appear, & so though they read through 15 volumes of
 the most intimate letters, which I looked at, & saw
 "my darling" over & over again, this was completely

legendary; & a veritable family man evolved, which, says
 Lady Horner, who should know. Bame Jones was not.
 Most of her was were killed in the war, & she is a little

obliterated by sorrow, but has great charm. I would have wandered
 on for hours about the horrors of courtly family life in the 16th
 & how she was never allowed to move a foot, & every old book or
 owl even that by a ~~his~~ Horner had to be kept in one corner for ever,
 but unfortunately Cecily, a perfect dull glass-eyed beauty who
 married Lambton, Nelly's sister brother, came in. Not from the
 races; & I fled. The whole house billows & undulates with

Burne Jones? - incredibly thingy & thick: but dull as a
 mosaic in a railway station waiting room. So I thought -
 Ah bias & flowing mantle. O & then I went to your show -
 then an hour making some extremely interesting theories: which
 I will condense into one page of admiration for your

Three Women & Dunlans Tree: (but why in fact
 name do they call it that?) I had forgotten the extreme
 brilliancy & flow & wet & ardour of these works. I am
 greatly tempted to write "Variations on a Picture by
 Vanessa Bell" for Desmond's paper. I should
 run the three women & the pot of flowers on a chair into
 one phantasmagoria. I think you are a most
 remarkable painter. But I maintain you are into the

prayer, a realist, a conveyor of impressions about
 human life: a thoughtful writer of great wit &
 able to bring off a situation in a way that rouses
 my envy. I wonder if I could write the Three Women in
 prose. Would Roger let me have it here for a week or so?
 I think Leroire is very good: but I am tremendously impressed, most of
 by you & Dunlans like greatness & now I have made myself

1856 ✓

Insufficiently redoubtable in the eyes of two cold blooded
creatures who only draw me out to pour salt in my wounds & sea -
white blob of foam (which causes intense pain to the nail)
from on the lips.

Weyman told me that he had
had two letters, by the same post, one from Bobo who is in
Paris with Alice, saying that he is in roaring spirits; the other
from Alice saying that his life is over, & he is tired of the run.
Don't you think it possible that Bobo is the Lieutenant there lady - &
the whole concoction is mere camouflage to save his
vanity? Myself, he will be back tomorrow, & I shall be
I suppose, made to pay for my remarks one way or the other.

We had a most curious evening last night with Lydia -
Hugh Walpole. Lydia, beamed ray, has now been perfectly
framed, & is invaluable. The door has tick: then goes
under the table, & leaves below ^{NYPL} eleven. But Hugh stayed on
till 12.30. roaring out his roars, which are that he can
never sell less than 20,000 copies of his books, but nobody
of any intelligence can hear them. It cuts him to the heart
when his chauffeur praises them. He has 10 letters every day
from enthusiastic Americans. But Bloomsbury sees that he is a
fake, & he now sees it too. It all comes from being the son of a
Bishop & so taught to tell lies from his infancy. It

Gore as a long analysis of his soul & his lies & his popularity
which was very amusing - considering I'd only met him at the
Prize giving. But how! I must stop. John Mackay has
gone mad & been taken to an asylum. Adrian & Karin dashed

the new car into a motor lorry & smashed it (but the
driver was drunk). Alice says she will have the law of them;
& wait cash their cheque - that's all the Bloomsbury group at
present: it's bitter cold again. Roger seems to be
staying on. Helen's mother is
ill. YB

Hamlet 2/10/68